

for the conscience who is only stimulated to duty by fear—with the clouds disappeared, also the lady's kindness.

The morning was serene and beautiful, and the lady was the same unfeeling tyrant as ever.

The day before the new governess arrived, Mrs. S. went into the nursery, and apprised Miss R. of it. The look of joy, nay, ecstasy, which beamed from the fine expressive eyes of Josephine, was not lost upon Mrs. S. but thought she, you shall feel my power until the last moment. Miss R. you will have to go down in the stage, as we are going to send the carriage for Miss F. our future governess.

I would greatly prefer going in the steamer, said Josephine.

Oh, that you can't do, as we have no conveyance to send you to the landing.

Well, I can go in the stage, said Josephine—I believe the stage does not pass here.

No, it passes about a quarter of a mile from here, at ten o'clock in the morning—you had better leave here by half past nine.

In the morning the children clung around Josephine, she breathed a silent prayer, that the blessing of their heavenly father might rest upon them, and upon their parents; and oh, may their mother be brought to a better mind. This was a prayer Christian charity, but she did not know in this prayer she had asked for trials and afflictions to rest on their mother, for these are the fire which purify the heart.

When she arrived at the farm house, she was greatly surprised to hear that the stage never passed there until two o'clock. She turned to the waiter, who had brought her trunk, "There must be some mistake, Mrs. S. could not have known the hour."

Yes, ma'am, said the man, she did know what time the stage passed but—

But what? said Josephine, for the first time during the whole affair feeling indignant. She expects the new governess there at ten o'clock.

Josephine was silent, but the flush of indignation suffused her cheeks.

If you wish to return ma'am, until two o'clock, said the farmer's wife, I will keep your trunk for you, it will be quite safe here.

No, ma'am, I don't want to return, said Josephine. I would much rather remain here, as she looked upon the kind-hearted expression of the woman's face.

Oh, ma'am, I am sure you're heartily welcome, come in, if you can make yourself contented here, you are heartily welcome.

I can make myself contented any where, where I find kind feelings, said Josephine, and I am very much obliged to you for your invitation.

Let me take your bonnet, Miss, and here are some books, if you can find any worth reading to amuse yourself, while I attend to my dairy, for you know, Miss, we country folks all have to work. What real politeness under a rough garb, thought Josephine, as she said.

I am greatly obliged by your kindness.

Husband, said the woman, when she had left the room, don't you think that young lady looks very much like Mrs. R. that I lived with before I was married?

Well, I don't know but what she does.

I have a great mind, said the wife, to ask her name, when I go in again—excuse me, Miss, said she, entering some time after, but you look so much like the best friend I ever had, I thought I would ask you if you were any relation to her—Mrs. R. of L.

I am her daughter.

Her daughter? which daughter?

Josephine.

Oh! my dear child! Husband here's Josephine R. the husband entered—Josephine looked amazed.

Miss R. said he I will explain matters—wife you are so overjoyed you forget that the young lady don't know you or what you mean. My wife, continued the man, was nurse in your mother's family, when you was a child. We were married from there, and I believe my wife here loved your mother as well as if she had been her own.

Oh! Miss Josephine, said the woman, your mother was my best friend—oh! she was an angel, Miss, she was indeed the friend to the poor and needy; none in distress ever went to her in vain. Oh! to see the poor hang over her coffin, would have melted the heart of a stone, said she, as she took up the corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. Josephine wept—those tears were as a refreshing shower after a hot sultry day.

I am afraid, Miss Josephine, you were not well used at Mrs. S.'s, excuse me for speaking so plain, but I can't but feel interested for any of your mother's children.

I mistook the situation in Mrs. S.'s family, said Josephine, I heard it was a governess that they wanted, and found they wanted one who would be nurse also.

Indeed! said the farmer, that would be a pretty story, any of Mrs. R.'s family a nurse to their children. All their people give them a bad name; oh, Miss, it takes the poor to find out who the *rale* ladies and gentlemen are. And now, Miss, as I am proud to have it in my power to show my respects for your parent's memory—even if I can do but little, I will get my son's wagon, and drive you down to town. I have nothing but a common country wagon myself, but he's got what you may call a one horse carriage, a neat little concern enough.

I feel myself greatly obliged to you, for the kind offer, but I fear it would be giving you trouble?

No, no, it will be no trouble to do any thing for any of your father's children. Besides my son would never forgive me if I did not take you; he was a boy when I was married to this wife—for she's my second—but he was old enough to remember your kind parents. If you can wait until afternoon, I will get the wagon and drive you down.

Well, Samuel, guess who's at our house, said the farmer, entering his son's door.

I don't know, Aunt Becca maybe?

No, a greater stranger than that—you remember Mr. R.'s family, don't you?

To be sure I do.

Well, their youngest daughter, Josephine.

'You don't say so,' said the son, 'how did she find you out?'

Oh! by accident, she has been governess at the big house, and was stopping at our house for the stage.

At Mr. S.'s? said the son, as if revolving a new idea. I do believe it is the young lady Tom G. drove there about three weeks ago.

Yes, she has been there about that time, said the father. I suppose you'll lend your wagon to take her to town? I promised it before I saw you.

To be sure I will. There goes Tom now, I'll call him in and surprise him a little. Tom, do you remember that young lady you took to Mrs. S.'s, and thought it was her sister?

Yes, well, wasn't she her sister?

No, she was the governess there, and is the daughter of Mr. R. whom you have often heard me speak of.

Well, I am really sorry I served a gentleman's daughter such a trick, but she'll not be the loser I warrant you, if my name's Tom G.

The farmer returned home with both the young men. Josephine remembered them as soon as they entered.

This is my son, Miss R. and this is a distant relation of mine, Thomas G. I believe you have seen them before.

I have, said Josephine, looking at them with an inclination of the head.

And she knows no great good of me at any rate, said Tom—but Miss I mean to explain matters, kase as how I ain't quite a highway robber.

He then explained why he charged her—thinking it was Mrs. S.'s sister, but left out the part of giving the whole of the sum received to Polly; this part his friend supplied. She was greatly amused at the originality of the man, and from several remarks he made, notwithstanding the idioms frequently introduced she said, inwardly, 'here's a bright jewel if it had been polished.'

She spent a most delightful day; the farmer's wife told her many interesting anecdotes, respecting her mother's benevolence, and facts which she never heard before, and she seemed, within a few hours, to have gained a new existence, or rather to be brought back to her original existence. She parted from her kind friend with feelings of regret, and felt and said, 'this has been the happiest day I have spent since my father's death.'

As the farmer left her at her residence in the city, he handed her the following note:

Respected Miss—Send you your own, I ain't got book larnen nor school education that's sartan, but for all that I know what's what. My mother was a christian, Miss, and she used to say Tommy, says she, always do the rite thing, and then God and your own hart will be your best friends. I hope you will think no more about that foolish trick of mine.

THOMAS G.

The new governess stayed one week. Upon examining the children Mrs. S. found out what she had lost when she had parted with Josephine—but thought there's plenty like her, to be sure; this one I have does not fill her place, but money will do any thing. I will go in person to Mrs. E. and get her to recommend me another. She accordingly laid the plans thus—I'll go and subscribe to a benevolent society, of whom Mrs. E. is directress, this will pave the way.

She put on her most pleasing smile, and she was shown into the drawing room of Mrs. E.

I am a stranger to you, madam, but feeling greatly interested in the cause you represent, I called to contribute my mite and become an annual subscriber, as she said this she seated herself in the most polite, easy, graceful manner on the sofa.

Our society will be greatly indebted to you, said the benevolent old lady, raising her spectacles. Our funds are very low at present.

Indeed! if that is the case, I will double the sum I intended subscribing.

You are very kind, said the directress, while her expressive face showed the effect produced by this apparent benevolence.

She handed her the subscription book, pen and ink, she looked at it, signed her name and sum in the most beautiful hand-writing, and thought 'now's my time.'

Knowing Mrs. E. that you are much interested in the cause of education generally, I take the liberty of asking if you know of any young lady I could get for a governess to my children. You had the goodness to recommend one to me, Miss R.—Mrs. S. is my name.

I did, madam, recommend Miss R. It was your brother, I think, called.

It was.

'Oh! Miss R. could not remain.'

'Oh! Miss R. was entirely above her station,' said Mrs. S. drawing herself up.

Excuse me, Mrs. S. but Miss R. is very fond of teaching; she surely cannot feel herself above that.

No, I do not speak of teaching—the children improved very much, for the short time she was with them; but she felt quite above washing and dressing the children, and mending their clothes.

Allow me, Mrs. S. said the directress, 'with sixty years' experience, to give it as my decided opinion, that you will never find a lady of Miss R.'s education and talents willing to fill the place of a nurse. You may possibly find a young person, with a common school education, who will do all you require, who is able to teach your children at present, for I hear they are young, but then you are not sure that they are laying a solid foundation for future education and usefulness. Depend upon it, madam, it is of more importance to have a talented and pious teacher, during their years of infancy than in after age.'

All my subscription money thrown away, thought Mrs. S. as she changed the conversation, to disguise her chagrin.

Before she left she was informed by Mrs. E. that Josephine had accepted a situation as governess in Mr. N.'s family. This intelligence caused extreme mortification; for it had been her study and aim to ingratiate herself in the favor of Mrs. N. ever since her return from Europe. And she, who had a supreme contempt for the opinion of the poor and unfortunate, felt deeply that she might possibly now lose the good opinion of those she *did* value. The rich, the great, and influential.

She had entered the drawing room of the venerable directress, thinking that money could do every thing—she left it, knowing that money could not do some things. With her most haughty look she bade the aged directress good morning, for pride, when wounded, regards neither age, talents, nor piety.

Josephine proved Mr. and Mrs. N. to be a *rale* gentleman and lady—and under their roof she was by all, and at all times, treated with marked respect and consideration—her hours flew on golden wings. She spent in their family a most delightful year.

In the mean time, Mrs. S. was continually changing her governess, with the hope of finding one willing to be a *good nurse*. The children's dispositions had been injured by this injudicious treatment, and they were emphatically growing worse every day. Mrs. S. had just dismissed her eighth teacher, and was pondering what was to be done in obtaining the ninth—when her husband broke the silence by reading aloud.

Married, on Thursday morning, at Trinity Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop—, Frederick Augustus S. Esq. to Josephine, daughter of the late John Henry R. Esq.

You jest, said the lady.

Well my dear, read it yourself, handing her the paper.

She read the paragraph, and felt even more unhappy than she had done, with the thoughts, 'having the entire charge of the children again.'

A few weeks after this, as Mr. S. and lady were taking an afternoon walk, an elegant carriage was seen driving up the road.

I think some of our friends have been treating themselves to a new establishment, said Mr. S. to her husband, as the carriage advanced.

I think they have, said he, raising his hat, and making a low bow to a lady and gentleman within.

Who are they? said the wife, not recognising the lady's countenance through the veil.

Frederick Augustus L. and lady, replied the husband, with emphasis.

Oh, only them, said she, with apparent contempt.

Yes, wife, only one of our most able statesmen, who has lately come in possession of great wealth by marriage.

How ludicrous wealth indeed!

If my dear, education, talents and moral worth are the true riches, then no man in America ever married a greater heiress.

Oh, yes, she was always a great favorite of yours, said the wife, with great vexation.

And my dear, she would have been of yours, had you observed her character in its true light. She is a highly gifted woman, and is now placed by Providence in a situation which she is eminently calculated to fill.

The farmer's wife looked surprised to see an elegant carriage stop before her door.

Don't you remember me, said Josephine, throwing up her veil.

Oh, my dear Miss R. I am very, very glad to see you, said she, as the footman lowered the steps. You are welcome to my house again, said she, throwing open the door of a small but neat parlor.

I see, my good friend, said the husband—you have made a mistake. You take this young lady for Miss R. but I am most happy to undeceive you, and introduce you to Mrs. L.

The woman looked as if doubting what she heard. Josephine assured her what she heard was true.

Well I wish you both a great deal of happiness. Did I not tell you, my dear young lady, that there was a blessing in store for all your mother's children?

There certainly was a great blessing in store for one of my mother's children, said the husband.

You mistake, my good friend, the blessing was for me not for her.

You certainly have a treasure in my dear child, but here comes my old man, how delighted he will be to find his words are so soon come to pass. Miss Josephine will ride in her own coach some day.

After spending some time in conversation with the farmer and his wife—their son Samuel and Thomas G. entered. Having heard a description of Thomas, as well as having perused his note to Josephine, Mr. L. was prepared to see an original; he was not disappointed—and through the film of ignorance, he could discern a *mix*.

The footman, as they were about to drive off, presented the farmer's wife with a parcel, and before she had time to ask its contents, he sprang on the carriage, and they were out of sight in a minute. On opening the parcel, she found it contained two dresses, suitable for her wear, with a billet, requesting they might be accepted from her friend, and also a bank note, which she was requested to hand to poor old Polly.

Well, my dear Frederick, what do you think of my protegee, Thomas G.? said Josephine to her husband, as they turned the corner of the lane.

I think with you, my dear, that he should have the advantage of education. And now I think of it, my uncle is in quest of an under clerk. How would it do to place him there, and let him have the advantage of attending school in the afternoon and evening? You know all their business is over by half past two.

Oh, it would be admirable, said Josephine, with all the warmth her benevolent heart could dictate.

And your uncle is so benevolent. I know he would cheerfully enter into the plan.

Yes, that he would, said the nephew.

Augustus Frederick was a man of wealth, and also a Christian philanthropist—a character but rarely met with. He did not as some visionaries dream of doing great things, while he neglected the every day charities of life; but acted upon this Christian principle, 'What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'—and 'Despise not the day of small things.'

The scheme was promptly put into execution, and under the occasional inspection of Mr. and Mrs. L. Thomas made rapid improvement in his studies; and by fidelity and industry, gave ample satisfaction to his employer.

At the end of three years, he returned to his native village, opened a store, and settled there, with the determination to benefit the people in every way his acquired information made him capable. He commenced an evening class, for young men, and as they were not willing to attend without paying for it, he purchased books with the sum accumulated, and formed a library, which was free to all who wished to avail themselves of the privilege. He also was the means of establishing a school, for children, &c. &c. indeed, in a very short time, the whole place assumed quite another aspect. About a year after his return, Mrs. L. received the following letter:

My dear Madam—

I send you with this, a catalogue of our Village Library—I know it will give you pleasure to hear that it is now in successful operation. My evening class still continues (to me) very interesting; my *students* improve, and I find that imparting is an excellent way of acquiring knowledge. The school for children is flourishing; our Sunday school is also much improved; our little church is nearly finished; and we are making arrangements to engage a minister who will officiate alternately at the three villages.

I return my grateful acknowledgments to yourself and excellent husband, for the knowledge I have been able to impart to others. I have done any good here, you, under Providence, have given me the power. The many conversations with you, while in New York, on the subject of usefulness, were treasured up, and these words of yours, spoken nearly four years ago, first inspired me with a determination of living to benefit mankind:

'One man may accomplish a great deal by doing all the good in his power.' Please present my respectful regards to Mr. L.

I remain, Dear Madam,

With grateful affection,

Your humble obdt. servt.

THOMAS G.

Years rolled on, Josephine became the mother of five lovely children—she had thus far superintended their education alone, but as her domestic duties increased, and her station in society became a more responsible one; for her husband now held an important office in government, she thought it advisable to engage a governess.

We must not do this rashly, but prayerfully, said Josephine, in a conversation with her husband on the subject. We know the first impressions are the most lasting, our children are still young, and it is not only necessary to secure an educated and talented lady, but one of moral worth and piety; that the foundation for their usefulness here, and happiness hereafter may be laid.

My fervent prayer shall be, said the husband embracing his wife, that their Heavenly Father may bless them with just such a governess as my own Josephine has been.

C. M. P.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 19, 1839.

MASSACHUSETTS REDEEMED.

The year 1839 has been a glorious one for Democracy. The astonishing victories of our brethren in the different States over special privileges has given us the greatest pleasure; but it was in reserve for Massachusetts, the old Bay State—so long wedded to Federalism and Chartered Monopolies, to cap the climax. And nobly she has done it. Her Democratic sons have fought the good fight, and they deserve, and will receive, the heart felt thanks and congratulations of their brethren throughout the country for their success. It is a victory indeed, and is owing to the purity of those principles under which they fought.

It is not owing to the local questions of the day, as some of the Federalists assert to console themselves in their so disastrous defeat, for it will be seen that the Democratic gain does not come from the Federal loss, as Mr. Everett's vote is not diminished from last year more than 1000 or 1500; but it comes from the young men of the State, who embrace the principles of Democracy, as it were by instinct, as they rise into active life.

Returns from 228 towns, as given in the Boston Post of the 13th inst. give Morton the Democratic candidate, a majority of 440.

The Post says, "This comprises the result from every town in the State except eight, which last year gave a majority of seventy-nine for Everett."

The Senate stands 15 to 13, and 10 vacancies. The House promises to have a majority of Democrats.

Last year the aggregate vote of the State stood 69,663, the largest vote ever given. This year, so far, 104,342, making an increase of 11,333.

TO SUBSCRIBERS WHO ARE IN ARREARS.

We are in great want of money to enable us to pay for our Paper, Type, Ink, &c. and also to pay our help, Board Bills, and many other bills which necessarily accrue in the publication of a newspaper, and no "deposits" to go to except the pockets of those indebted to us for the Democrat, Advertising, and Job Work, to relieve our wants and find the "needful" to pay these bills. We are not able to send an Agent round to collect the sums due us, and must therefore request all indebted to forward a part or all of the amount due immediately, by Mail (mailed in presence of the Postmaster) or otherwise. The sums are small, and most of these indebted, we believe, can pay the whole sum with but little inconvenience, and there are those, we are sorry to say, who appear determined not to pay until compelled to by law. Unless remittances are made promptly we shall be under the necessity of "suspending" the publication of the Democrat until we can collect our honest dues, which will injure us and make cost for those indebted.

Since banking by chartered companies was started the history of commerce is the mere record of a series of convulsions and calamities. Under every form of Government, no matter what the condition of society, or the habits of the people, it has proved the source of more commercial distress, and more social immorality than any other single cause. In France, England, and the United States, it has been the heaviest burden imposed upon the people, and it has been borne simply because its influences are so subtle that they are not traced to their right source.

The explosion of the Royal Bank of France, after having enriched and then actually impoverished thousands of persons, worked much dire result. The whole country were filled with horror of the Mississippi scheme, which has since gained a world wide fame, on account of the delusion in which it began, the infamy with which it was conducted, and the expanded misery in which it closed.

And so from the time that the Bank of England was incorporated to this present moment, the trade of that country has found no peace. A succession of distressing revolutions, preceded by the same cause, an inflation of the paper currency, and followed by the same effects, general bankruptcy and ruin, has affected it like the periodical visitation of a plague. In the years 1793, 1797, 1814, 1816, 1825, 1836, and 1839, as we are told by Parnell, Thornton, Ricardo, McCullough, and other British writers, the commercial affairs of Great Britain were thrown into the wildest confusion.

The causes, in every instance, have been the enormous abuses of power committed by the great banking monopoly of the kingdom. Either its own grasping cupidity or the still more insatiable wants of the government, of which it was the miserable tool, has forced it into unlimited expansions, which were followed by the usual train of speculation, extravagance, failure and utter prostration. Says Mr. McCullough, in speaking of the crisis of 1814, "The failures that then occurred were the more distressing, because they affected the industrious and poor classes, and frequently swallowed up in an instant the fruits of a long life of laborious and unremitting exertion. Thousands upon thousands who had, in 1813, considered themselves affluent, found they were destitute of all property, and sunk, as if by enchantment and without any fault of their own, into the abyss of poverty." Says Mr. Horner, at the same time, in his place in the House of Commons, "This crisis has given rise to a universality of wretchedness which has never been equalled."

The Bank of the United States went into operation in the spring of 1817. Its very first movement was, with less than three millions of specie in its vaults, to expand its issues to the amount of forty millions of dollars. The immediate effect was an abundance of money, a rise of prices, reckless enterprises, and fortunes made in a day. The honest and regular efforts of pain-taking industry were laughed to scorn, while splendid mansions adorned the cities, and brilliant equipages rolled through the streets. But at length the end of this apparent prosperity came. The Bank driven to extremities, resorted to the most rigid contraction, prices fell, traders became bankrupt, the rich were reduced to poverty, the poor turned out of house and home, and a general stagnation of business produced a general suffering. Niles, in his Register of the 7th of August, 1819, says—It is estimated there are twenty thousand persons daily seeking work in Philadelphia; in New York, ten thousand able bodied men are wandering about, and looking for it, and adding to these the destitute women who have nothing to do, the amount cannot be less than twenty thousand.

Under this same institution, which may be regarded as the representative of the whole banking system, scenes varying from those just described only in the greater or less intensity of the public distress have been witnessed in this country during the years 1821, 1825, 1828, 1834, 1837, and 1839. A perpetual alternation from bloated prosperity to the most oppressive and exhausting destitution has marked its commercial experience. We have at no time possessed a currency of soundness and stability. There has never been in the operations of trade any warrant for that implicit and immovable confidence which is the only source of sure and substantial wealth. We have been suspended, to use an expression of Adam Smith's, on the Dedalian wings of paper money, and the higher we have permitted them to carry us the more fearful became the danger of suddenly dropping down into the abyss.

We regret to learn, as we do from the Gospel Banner, that George Robinson, Esq. of Augusta, Editor and one of the Publishers of the Age, and Clerk of the House of Representatives, is, and for some time has been, seriously ill, and fears are entertained by his friends that his constitution will not be able to overcome the disease.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

There is some doubt concerning several counties in New York, but it is supposed that the opposition will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature. It will be a majority, however, greatly diminished from that of last year. In the popular vote too, the Democratic gain is highly encouraging. The City gave a Democratic majority of rising 1800, making a great gain from last spring. In 1837, the Federal majority in the State was 17,000. Last year it was reduced to 10,000. This year it will be not far from 4,000. Next year the State will unquestionably be redeemed, and give her Electoral vote for Martin Van Buren.

Accident.—We learn that Mr. Jacob Putnam of Rumford, a few weeks since, had his right hand drawn into the beater of a Threshing Machine, and so badly mutilated that amputation was necessary, which was performed by Drs. Adams and Goudno. He is now doing well.

A committee of the House of Representatives of Vermont, have reported in favor of making a Geological Survey of the State, and have proposed an appropriation of \$2,000 for that object.

The Abolitionists should be called the 'Epistolary Party' we never knew men so eager to write letters as they are—they are eternally at it. At their last meeting a resolution was passed against the inhuman practice of using black ink—several were for getting blue, in the discussion.—Post.

The news of the Battle of Bunker Hill, was four days in reaching Newport, Rhode Island. In these days of improvement, the news of the most common events, travel that distance in as many hours.

Ready weeping is far from being a certain sign of genuine grief. The stream may break forth, not from the strength of the torrent, but from the weakness of the flood gates.

